

If I persisted to be thus misled.
The Baron and his son avowed their hate
Against the Pope, and sided with the State.
What could I for the Baron's wishes plead?
I loved another, and I loved my creed.
I knew your virtues, and your goodness well,
And thought to find a refuge in your cell.
But, what I fear you never will approve,
I sent a letter to the one I love.
Intreating that he instantly repair,
To meet me here; so counselled my despair.
On whom could orphaned innocence depend,
Except her lover and her faithful friend?
I fled my patron's home, and hither came,
Ah! too regardless of endangered fame!
Pardon the error of this breaking heart,
It never knew the cold reserve of art.
Preserve my innocence, my true belief.
You know how sweet it is to grant relief!"

Tears on her eyelids, for this guiltless deed,
Glistened like dew drops on the silver weed.
And gently falling on the Hermit's hand
Resistless pleaded what her looks demand:
How beautiful is nature's eloquence
That speaks for virtue to benevolence!
There was a soothing in that voice and tone;
So like the melody his ear had known
Of one, whose music and whose love had given
His youth a happiness like bliss from Heaven.
The old man wept—then paused awhile to feel
The meek emotions o'er his senses steal,
And said "thy simpleness and candor child